A

PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;

OR,

THE NEW REHEARSAL.

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:
Printed for T. Becket and P. A. de Hondt,
near Surry-Street, in the Strand.
MDCCLXVII.

[Price One Shilling.]

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PROLOGUE.

BOLD is the man, and compos mentis, ſcarce---
Who, in theſe nicer times, dares write a Farce;
A vulgar long----forgotten taſte renew;
All now are Comedies, five acts, or two.
Authors have ever in a canting ſtrain,
Begg'd mercy for the bantling of their brain:
That you, kind nurſe, wou'd fondle 't on your lap,
And rear it with applauſe, that beſt of pap----
Thus babes have in their cradles ſcap'd a blow,
Tho' lame and ricketty from top to toe:
Our bard, with prologue-outworks has not fenc'd him,
For all that I ſhall ſay, will make againſt him.
Imprimis, this his piece----a Farce we call it----
Ergo, 'tis low---and ten to one you maul it!
Wou'd you, becauſe 'tis low, no quarter give?
Black-guards, as well as Gentlemen, ſhou'd live.
'Tis downright Engliſh too---Nothing from France;
Except ſome beaſts, which treat you with a dance.
With a Burletta too we ſhall preſent you----
And, not Italian---that will diſcontent you.
Nay, what is worſe----you'll ſee it, and muſt know it---
I Thomas King, *of* King-ſtreet, *am the poet:*
The murder's out---the murderer detected;
May in one night, be try'd, condemn'd, diſſected.
'Tis ſaid, for Scandal's tongue will never ceaſe;
That miſchief's meant againſt our little piece:
Let me look round, I'll tell you how the caſe is---
There's not one frown a ſingle brow diſgraces;
I never ſaw a ſweeter ſet of faces!
Suppoſe Old Nick, *before you righteous folk,*
Produce a farce, brimfull of mirth and joke;
Tho' he, at other times, wou'd fire your blood;
You'd clap his piece, and ſwear, 'twas deviliſh *good!*
Malice prepenſe! 'tis falſe!---it cannot be----
Light is my heart, from apprehenſions free----
If you wou'd ſave Old Nick, *you'll never damn poor me.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Toby Fuz.	Mr. Love.
Glib, the Author.	Mr. King.
Wilson.	Mr. J. Palmer.
Mervin.	Mr. Aickin.
Patent, the Manager.	Mr. Packer.
Hopkins, Prompter.	Mr. Bannister.
Saunders, Carpenter.	Mr. Moody.
Johnston, House-keeper.	Mr. Johnston.

WOMEN.

Lady Fuz.	Mrs. Clive.
Miss Fuz.	Miss Pope.
First Sweeper.	Mrs. Bradshaw.
Second Sweeper.	Mrs. Love.

Dramatis Personæ to Orpheus.

ORPHEUS.	Mr. Vernon.
Old Shepherd.	Mr. Dodd.

Chorus of Shepherds.

Mr. Parsons.
Mr. Hartry.
Mr. Bannister.
Mr. Faucet.
Mr. Kear.

RHODOPE.	Mrs. Arne.

A
PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;
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THE NEW REHEARSAL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Covent Garden.*

Enter WILSON *and* MERVIN *Booted.*

WILSON.

MY dear Jack—ten thouſand thanks for your punctuality—ready equip'd, I ſee, to ſerve your friend.

MERVIN.

But how can I ſerve you, my young Don Quixote? Am I to be your Sancho while your Knight Errantſhip is running away with this Dulcinea del Toboſo?

WILSON.

I have given orders that my poſt-chaiſe ſhall wait in the broad way by Exeter-Change, and the moment the lady ſteps from her chair to the chaiſe,

the poſtilions will crack their whips, and drive away like lightning.

MERVIN.

You are a romantic fellow!—How can you poſſibly imagine, that your hot-headed ſcheme to run away with this young lady can ever be executed?

WILSON.

From the juſtice of my cauſe, Jack.

MERVIN.

Juſtice!—Make that out, and my conſcience will be eaſy.

WILSON.

Did not her father's uncle, who was a good lawyer and cheated my father of three-fourths of his fortune, leave her near thirty thouſand pounds?—Now, this is my reaſoning——Sir Toby's uncle ran away with ſome thouſands from my father, I ſhall run away with Sir Toby's daughter, this will bring the ſaid thouſands back to me again, with which I'll pay off old ſcores, ſtrike a balance in my favour, and get a good wife into the bargain——There's juſtice for you!

MERVIN.

Aye, Juſtice with a vengeance! But why muſt Sir Toby be puniſhed for the ſins of his uncle?

WILSON.

I'll eaſe your conſcience there too—My mother, at my father's death, took me a boy to Sir Toby and my Lady, to ſolicit their kindneſs for me—He gave me half a crown to buy ginger-bread, and her Ladyſhip, who was combing a fat lap-dog, mutter'd—*There was no end of maintaining poor relations.*

MER-

MERVIN.

I have not a qualm left—But did you really paſs for a ſtrolling player laſt ſummer, to have a pretence of being near her father's houſe?

WILSON.

Yes, I did, and as Polonius ſays, *was accounted a good Actor.*

MERVIN.

What could put that unaccountable frolic in your head?

WILSON.

To gain the favour of Sir Toby's family, as a ſtrolling player, which I could not as a poor relation — they are fond of acting to madneſs, and my plan ſucceeded; I was ſo alter'd they did not know me---they lik'd me much, came to a Benefit, which I pretended to have, invited me to their houſe, and Miſs met me privately, after I had played *Ranger* and *Lothario.*

MERVIN.

Aye, aye, when a young lady's head is cram'd with combuſtible ſcraps of plays---ſhe is always ready prim'd, and will *go off* (if you will allow me a pun) the very firſt opportunity.

WILSON.

I diſcovered myſelf to the young lady, and her generoſity was ſo great, that ſhe reſolv'd to marry me to make me amends—there are refin'd feelings for you!

MERVIN.

Aye, double refin'd!—ſhe is more romantic than you, WILL—But did not you run a great riſque of loſing her, when ſhe knew you was only a gentleman, and not a player?

WILSON.

Read that letter, and tell me if my castles are built in the air? [*Gives a Letter.*]

MERVIN (*Reads.*)

I shall be with my Papa and Mama to see a Rehearsal at Drury-lane Playhouse on Tuesday morning; if my present inclinations hold, and my heart does not fail me, I may convince honest Rangen, what confidence I have in his honour.—Postscript.---*If I don't see you then, I don't know when I shall see you, for we return into the country next week.*——

WILSON.

Well, what think you?

MERVIN.

O she'll run away with you most certainly—

WILSON.

I must not lose time then (*looking at his watch.*) I must go and take my stand, that the Deer may not escape me.

MERVIN.

And I'll go and take mine, to help you to carry off the ven'son—This is very like poaching, WILL—But how will you get admittance into Drury-lane Theatre?

WILSON.

I was very near being disappointed there, for unluckily the acting Manager, who scarce reach'd to my third button, cock'd up his head in my face, and said I was much too tall for a Hero—however I got the liberty of the scenes by desiring to rehearse Hamlet next week—But I hope to cross the Tweed with the fair Ophelia before that time, and

and finiſh my ſtage adventures by appearing the firſt time in the character of a good huſband.

MERVIN.

Succeſs attend you.

WILSON.

——This is the day,
Makes me, or marrs, for ever and for aye!—

If I ſucceed, I ſhall be reſtor'd to my father's eſtate, drink claret, and live like a gentleman with the wife of my heart—and, egad, for aught I know, ſtand for the County.

MERVIN.

If not—you muſt be confin'd to your little one hundred and twenty pounds a year farm, make your own cheeſe, marry the Curate's daughter, have a dozen children, and brew the beſt October in the Pariſh.

WILSON.

Which ever way fortune will diſpoſe of me, I ſhall be always happy to ſee my friends, and never ſhall forget my obligations to thee, my dear Jack.

[*Shakes him by the hand.*]

MERVIN.

Well, well—let us away—we have too much buſineſs to mind compliments. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*]

SCENE

SCENE II. The Play-House.

TWO WOMEN SWEEPING THE STAGE.

First WOMAN.

Come Betty, duſt away, duſt away girl, the Managers will be here preſently; there's no lying in bed for them now, we are up early and late; all hurry and buſtle from morning to night; I wonder what the deuce they have got in their heads?

Second WOMAN.

Why to get money, Mrs. Beſom, to be ſure; the folks ſay about us, that the other houſe will make them ſtir their ſtumps, and they'll make us ſtir ours: If they are in motion, we muſt not ſtand ſtill, Mrs. Beſom.

First WOMAN.

Ay, ay, girl, they have met with their match, and we ſhall all ſuffer for it--for my part I can't go thro' the work, if they are always in this plaguy hurry; I have not drank a comfortable diſh of tea ſince the houſe open'd.

Second WOMAN.

One had better die, than be ſcolded and hurried about as we are by the houſe-keeper; he takes us all for a parcel of Negers I believe: pray give us a pinch of your ſnuff, Mrs. Beſom.

[*They lean upon their brooms and take ſnuff.*

First WOMAN.

Between you and I, Betty, and our two brooms, the houſe-keeper is grown a little purſe-proud; he thinks himſelf a great Actor forſooth, ſince he play'd the Scotch fellow, and the fat cook in Queen Mab.

Second

SECOND WOMAN.

The Quality ſpoils him too: why woman, he talks to them for all the world as if he was a Lord.

FIRST WOMAN.

I ſhall certainly *reſign*, as the great folks call it in the News Paper, if they won't promiſe to give me the firſt Dreſſer's place that falls, and make our little Tommy a Page; what, woman, tho' we are well paid for our work, we ought to make ſure of ſomething when our brooms are taken from us,---'tis the faſhion Betty.

SECOND WOMAN.

Right, right, Mrs. Beſom, ſervice is no inheritance, and to be always doing dirty work, and to have no proſpect to reſt, and clean ourſelves, is the curſe only of us poor folks.

FIRST WOMAN.

You and I will drink a diſh of tea together in comfort this afternoon, and talk over theſe and other matters——but mum——here's the Prompter. [*They ſing and ſweep again.*]

Enter HOPKINS, *the Prompter.*

PROMPTER.

Come, come, away with your brooms, and clear the Stage; the Managers will be here directly. [*The ſweepers hurry of.*] Where are the Carpenters? —Carpenters!

A Carpenter above.

What do you want, Mr. Hopkins?

PROMPTER.

What do I want? Come down and ſet the Scenes for the new Burletta of Orpheus.

CAR-

CARPENTER.

We an't ready for it, the Beasts are now in hand—they an't finish'd.

PROMPTER.

Not finish'd the Beasts! here's fine work! the Managers and Author will be here directly, and nothing ready;——fie, fie, fie.——Saunders!—Saunders!—— [*Calls out.*

Enter SAUNDERS.

SAUNDERS.

Here! here!—Zooks what a bawling you make, do keep your breath for your prompting, Master Hopkins, and not send it after me at this rate—I'm not deaf.

PROMPTER.

But your men are, and asleep too I believe; I can't get a soul of 'em near me, 'tis ten o'clock, [*looking at his Watch*] and not a Scene prepared for the Rehearsal; 'tis I shall be blam'd, and not you.

SAUNDERS.

Blam'd for what? 'Tis but a rehearsal, and of one Act only—wou'd you have us to finish our work, before the Poet has done his? Don't you know that Carpenters are always the last in a house; and yet you want us to get out of it, before the Author has cover'd in.

PROMPTER.

You may be as witty as you please; but the Managers will do as they please, and they have promis'd the Author to rehearse the first Act of his Burletta of Orpheus this Morning, as he pleases, with all the proper Scenes, Dresses, Machinery,

chinery, and Muſick; ſo what ſignifies all our prating?

SAUNDERS.

Very little as you ſay—but damn all theſe new vagaries, that put us all upon our heads topſy verſy—my men have ſat up all night, and I have finiſh'd every thing but the Dancing Cows.

PROMPTER.

Bleſs my heart, man, the Author depends moſt upon his Cows.

SAUNDERS.

His Cows!—How came they to be his; they are *my* Cows;—theſe Poets are pretty fellows faith; they ſay I'll have a flying Devil, or a dancing Bear, or any ſuch conundrum; why 'tis eaſily ſaid, but who is to make 'em fly, and dance? ha, Mr. Prompter? Why poor Pill Garlick;——The Audience applauds, the Author is conceited; but the Carpenter is never thought of.

PROMPTER.

Theſe are bold truths, Mr. Saunders.

SAUNDERS.

Why then out with 'em, I ſay---great men ſpin the brains of the little ones, and take the credit of 'em.—Do you know how I was ſerv'd in our dramatic romance of Cymon?

PROMPTER.

You did your buſineſs well there, particularly in the laſt Scene.

SAUNDERS.

And what was the conſequence? One fine gentleman in the boxes ſaid,---my maſter brought it from Italy;——*No, damn it* (ſays another, taking ſnuff) *I ſaw the very ſame thing at Paris*; when

you all know here behind the Scenes, that the whole design came from this head; and the execution from these hands,---but nothing can be done by an Englishman now a days, and so your servant, Mr. Hopkins—— [*Going.*

PROMPTER.

Harkee Saunders,---the Managers have order'd me to discharge the man at the lightning; he was so drunk the last time he flash'd, that he has sing'd all the clouds on that side the Stage.

[*Pointing to the clouds.*

SAUNDERS.

Yes, yes, I see it, and harkee---he has burnt a hole in the new cascade, and set fire to the shower of rain—but mum—

PROMPTER.

The deuce—he must be discharg'd directly.

[*Exit* Saunders.

[MANAGER *without.*]

Where's the Prompter?

PROMPTER.

Here I am, Sir.

Enter PATENT.

PATENT.

Make haste with your scenes, Saunders; so, clear the Stage, Mr. Hopkins, and let us go to business. Is the extraordinary Author of this very extraordinary performance come yet?

PROMPTER.

Not yet, Sir, but we shall be soon ready for him—'Tis a very extraordinary thing, indeed, to rehearse only one act of a performance, and with dresses

dreſſes and decorations, as if it were really before an Audience.

PATENT.

It is a novelty, indeed, and a little expenſive too, but we cou'd not withſtand the ſolicitations that were made to us; we ſhan't often repeat the ſame experiment.

PROMPTER.

I hope not, Sir,—'tis a very troubleſome one, and the Performers murmur greatly at it.

PATENT.

When do the performers not murmur, Mr. Hopkins?—Has any morning paſs'd in your time without ſome grievance or another?

PROMPTER.

I have half a dozen now in my pocket for you.

[*Feeling in his pockets for papers.*

PATENT.

O pray let's have 'em, my old breakfaſt—

[*Prompter gives 'em.*

And the old ſtory—Actreſſes quarrelling about parts; there's not one of 'em but thinks herſelf young enough for any part; and not a young one but thinks herſelf capable of any part—but their betters quarrel about what they are not fit for, So our Ladies have at leaſt great precedents for their folly.

PROMPTER.

The young fellow from Edinburgh won't accept of the ſecond Lord; he deſires to have the firſt.

PATENT.

I don't doubt it—Well, well, if the Author can make him ſpeak Engliſh, I have no objection.

PROMPTER.

Mr. *Rantly* is indiſpoſed, and can't play to-morrow.

PATENT.

Well, well, let his lungs reſt a little, they want it, I'm ſure—What a campaign ſhall we make of it; all our ſubalterns will be general officers, and our generals will only fight when they pleaſe.

[GLIB *without.*]

O he's upon the Stage, is he?—I'll go to him—

PATENT.

Here comes the Author, do you prepare the people for the Rehearſal—deſire them to be as careful, as if they were to perform before an Audience.

PROMPTER.

I will, Sir——Pray let us know when we muſt begin. [*Exit* Prompter.

Enter GLIB, *the Author.*

GLIB.

Dear Mr. Patent, am not I too late? Do make me happy at once——I have been upon the rack this half hour—But the Ladies, Mr. Patent—the Ladies——

PATENT.

But where are the Ladies, Sir?

AUTHOR.

They'll be here in the drinking of a cup of tea—I left 'em all at breakfaſt—Lady Fuz can't ſtir from home without ſome refreſhment—Sir Macaroni Virtu was not come when I left them; he gene-

generally ſits up all night, and if he gets up before two o'clock he only walks in his ſleep all the reſt of the day——He is perhaps the moſt accompliſhed connoiſſeur in the three kingdoms; yet he is never properly awake 'till other people go to bed; —however, if he ſhou'd come, our little performance, I believe, will rouſe him----ha, ha, ha!---- you underſtand me?----A pinch of cephalic only.

PATENT.

I have the honour of knowing him a little---- Will Sir Macaroni be here?

AUTHOR.

Why he promis'd, but he's too polite to be punctual----You underſtand me?----ha, ha, ha!----however, I am pretty ſure we ſhall ſee him;-----I have a ſecret for you ---- not a ſoul muſt know it ---- he has compos'd two of the ſongs in my Burletta ----- An admirable muſician----but particular----He has no great opinion of me, nor indeed of any body elſe, a very tolerable one of himſelf----and ſo I believe he'll come---You underſtand me? ha, ha, ha!

PATENT.

I do, Sir----But pray, Mr. Glib, why did not you compleat your Burletta----'tis very new with us to rehearſe but one act only?

AUTHOR.

By a ſample, Mr. Patent, you may know the piece: if you approve you ſhall never want novelty----I am a very ſpider at ſpinning my own brains, ha, ha, ha! always at it----- ſpin, ſpin, ſpin----you underſtand me?

PATENT.

Extreamly well----In your ſecond act, I ſuppoſe, you intend to bring Orpheus into hell——

AUTHOR.

O yes---I make him play the devil there---I ſend him for ſome better purpoſe than to fetch his wife, ha, ha, ha!----Don't miſtake me----while he is upon earth, I make him a very good ſort of a man---- He keeps a Miſtreſs, indeed, but his wife's dead, you know----and were ſhe alive not much harm in that----for I make him a man of faſhion----Faſhion, you know, is all in all-----You underſtand me?----Upon a qualm of conſcience, he quits his miſtreſs, and ſets out for hell with a reſolution to fetch his wife----

PATENT.

Is that too like a man of faſhion, Mr. Glib?

AUTHOR.

No, that's the *moral* part of him-----He's a mix'd character----but as he approaches and gets into the infernal regions, his principles melt away by degrees, as it were, by the heat of the climate----and finding that his wife, Eurydice, is kept by Pluto, he immediately makes up to Proſerpine, and is kept by her, then they all four agree matters amicably--- Change partners, as one may ſay, make a genteel partie quarrée, and finiſh the whole with a ſong and a chorus-----and a ſtinger it is——The ſubject of the ſong is----the old proverb, *exchange is no robbery*, and the chorus runs thus,

We care not or know,
In matters of love,
What is doing *above*,
But this, this, is the faſhion, *below*.

I believe that's true ſatire, Mr. Patent----ſtrong and poignant----You underſtand me?

PA-

PATENT.

O very well---'tis chian pepper indeed----a little will go a great way.

AUTHOR.

I make Orpheus ſee in my hell all ſorts of people, of all degrees, and occupations---ay, and of both ſexes---that's not very unnatural, I believe---there ſhall be very good company too, I aſſure you; *high life below ſtairs*, as I call it, ha, ha, ha! you take me---a double edge---- no boys play---rip and tear---the times require it---fortè--fortiſſimè---

PATENT.

Won't it be too fortè?----Take care, Mr. Glib, not to make it ſo much above proof that the boxes can't taſte it---Take care of empty boxes.

AUTHOR.

Empty boxes! ---- I'll engage that my *Cerberus* alone ſhall fill the boxes for a month.

PATENT.

Cerberus!

AUTHOR.

Be quiet a little—You know, I ſuppoſe, that Cerberus is a dog, and has three heads?

PATENT.

I have heard as much.

AUTHOR.

Then you ſhall ſee ſome ſport—He ſhall be a comical dog too, I warrant you—ha, ha, ha!

PATENT.

What, is *Cerberus* a character in your performance?

AU-

AUTHOR.

Capital, capital—I have thrown all my fancy and invention into his mouth, or rather mouths—there are three of 'em, you know.

PATENT.

Moſt certainly, if there are three heads.

AUTHOR.

Poh, that's nothing to what I have in petto for you—Obſerve me now—when Orpheus comes to the gates of hell—Cerberus ſtops him—but how, how—now for it—gueſs—

PATENT.

Upon my ſoul I can't gueſs.

AUTHOR.

I make his three heads ſing a *trio.*

PATENT.

A *Trio!*

AUTHOR.

A trio! I knew I ſhou'd hit you—a trio, treble, tenor and baſs—and what ſhall they ſing? nothing in the world but, *Bow, wow, wow*!—Orpheus begins—

O bark not, Cerberus, nor grin—
A ſtranger ſure to paſs within,
Your goodneſs will allow?
Bow, wow, wow—

Treble, tenor and baſs—Then Orpheus ſhall tickle his lyre, and treble, tenor and baſs, ſhall fall aſleep by degrees, and one after another, fainter and fainter—*Bow, wow, wow*—faſt—You underſtand me?

PATENT.

Very ingenious, and very new—I hope the critics will underſtand it.

AU-

AUTHOR.

I will make every body understand it, or my name is not Derry down Glib—When I write the whole town shall understand me—You understand me?

PATENT.

Not very clearly, Sir——but it is no matter—Here's your company.

Enter Sir TOBY, *Lady* FUZ, *Sir* MACARONI VIRTU, *and Miss* FUZ.

AUTHOR.

Ladies and Gentlemen, you do me honour; Mr. Patent---Sir Toby and Miss Fuz, and this Sir Macaroni Virtu---- [*All bow and curtsey.*

Sir Toby, one of the managers.

[*Introducing Patent.*

Sir TOBY.

I am one of the managers most humble and obedient.

AUTHOR.

I take it as a most particular compliment, Sir Macaroni, that you wou'd attend my trifle at so early an hour.

Sir MACARONI.

Why, faith, Glib, without a compliment, I had much rather be in bed than here, or any where else. [*Yawns.*

Lady FUZ.

I have a prodigious curiosity to see your Playhouse by day-light, Mr. Manager; have not you, Sir Macaroni?

Sir MACARONI.

O no, my Lady----I never have any curiosity to see it at all. [*Half asleep.*

MANAGER.

I will prepare some tea and chocolate in the Green Room for the Ladies, while the Prompter prepares matters for the Rehearsal.

Lady FUZ.

I never breakfast but once a day, Mr. Manager; Sir Toby indeed never refuses any thing at any time; he's at it from morning till night.

Sir TOBY.

I love to be social my dear,---besides trifling with tea, chocolate, macaroons, biskets, and such things, is never reckon'd eating, you know.

AUTHOR.

You are indefatigably obliging, Mr. Patent.

[*Exit* Patent.

Miss FUZ.

Bless me, papa, what a strange place this is!---I am sure I shou'd not have known it again---I wonder where he is! I wish I cou'd get a peep at him ---and yet I am frighted out of my wits.

(*aside and looking about.*)

Sir TOBY.

Now the Manager is gone, one may venture to say, that the Play-house is no morning beauty; paint and candle light are as great friends to the theatres, as to the ladies; they hide many wrinkles —don't they, Mr. Glib? ha, ha, ha!

AU-

AUTHOR.

You have hit it, Sir Toby, and this is the old houſe too, ha, ha, ha!

(Sir Toby ſhews his daughter the ſcenes.)

[Lady FUZ.]

(Looking about with a glaſs.)

My dear Sir Toby, you, you may be as ſarcaſtical as you pleaſe; but I proteſt a Play-houſe is a prodigious odd ſort of a thing, now there is nobody in it :---is it not, Sir Macaroni?

Sir MACARONI.

O yes, and a prodigious odd ſort of a thing when 'tis full too---I abominate a Play-houſe; my ingenious countrymen have no taſte now, for the high ſeaſon'd comedies; and I am ſure that I have none for the pap and loplolly of our preſent writers.

AUTHOR.

Bravo, Sir Micaroni!---I wou'd not give a pin for a play, no more than a partridge, that has not the fumet.

Sir MACARONI.

Not amiſs, faith! ha, ha, ha!

Lady FUZ.

Don't let us loſe time, Mr. Glib;---if they are not ready for the Rehearſal, ſuppoſe the Manager entertains us with thunder and lightning,--and let us ſee his traps, and his whims, and harlequin pantomimes.

Sir TOBY.

And a ſhower of rain, or an eclipſe; and I muſt beg one peep at the Patagonians.

Miſs FUZ.

Pray, Mr. Glib, let us have ſome thunder and lightning.

AUTHOR.

Your commands ſhall be obey'd, Miſs; I'll whip up to the clouds and be your Jupiter Tonans in a crack. [*Exit* Glib.

Sir MACARONI.

A Play-houſe in *England* is to me, as dull as a church, and fit only to ſleep in.

Lady FUZ.

Sir Toby thinks ſo too;---I'll tell you what happen'd the laſt time we were there.

Miſs FUZ.

Ay, do, my dear lady, tell what happen'd to Papa—'twas very droll.

Sir TOBY.

Fye, fye, Fanny,---my lady, you ſhou'd not tell tales out of ſchool.---Twas an accident.---

Lady FUZ.

A very common one with you, my dear: We din'd late, Sir Toby cou'd not take his nap, and we came early to the Houſe;---in ten minutes he fell faſt aſleep againſt the box door, his wig half off, his mouth wide open, and ſnoring like a Rhinoceros.

Sir MACARONI.

Well, but the cataſtrophe, lady Fuz?

Lady FUZ.

The Pit and Galleries fell a laughing and clapping—I jogg'd and pull'd him till my arms ach'd; and if the Box-keeper had not luckily open'd the door, and Sir Toby fell head-long into the paſſage, I ſhould have died with ſhame.

Sir TOBY.

You'll not die with tenderneſs, I believe, for I got a lump upon my head as big as an egg, and

and have not been free from the head-ach ever ſince.

Miſs FUZ.

I ſhall never forget what a flump my Papa came down with, Ha, ha, ha!

Sir MACARONI.

The tenderneſs runs in the family, Sir TOBY?

Lady FUZ.

Pray don't you adore Shakeſpear, Sir MAC?

Sir MACARONI.

Shakeſpear! *(yawning.)*

Lady FUZ.

Sir TOBY and I are abſolute worſhippers of him —we very often act ſome of his beſt tragedy ſcenes to divert ourſelves.

Sir MACARONI.

And it muſt be very diverting, I dare ſwear.

Sir TOBY.

What more family ſecrets! for ſhame, Lady FUZ——

Lady FUZ.

You need not be aſhamed of your talents, my dear—I will venture to ſay you are the beſt ROMEO that ever appeared.

Sir TOBY.

Pooh, pooh!

Sir MACARONI.

I have not the leaſt doubt of Sir TOBY's genius —But don't your Ladyſhip think he rather carries too much fleſh for the Lover—Does your Ladyſhip incline to tragedy too?

Lady

Lady FUZ.

I have my feelings, Sir---and if Sir TOBY will favour you with two or three ſpeeches, I will ſtand up for Juliet.

Sir TOBY.

I vow, Lady Fuz, you diſtreſs me beyond meaſure---I never have any voice till the evening.

Miſs FUZ.

Never mind being a little huſky, Papa---do tear your wig, throw yourſelf upon the ground, and poiſon yourſelf.

Sir MACARONI.

This is a glorious ſcene, faith. *(aſide.)* Sir TOBY looks as if he were ſuſceptible of the tender paſſions.

Lady FUZ.

Too much ſo, indeed; he is too amiable not to be a little faithleſs---he has been a great Libertine ---have not you, Sir Toby? have you not wrong'd me?---Come, give me a pinch of your ſnuff——

[*Takes ſnuff out of his box.*]

Sir TOBY.

Forget and forgive, my dear,---if my conſtitution err'd, my affections never did---I have told you ſo a thouſand times.

Sir MACARONI.

A wonderful couple, upon my ſoul!---*(aſide.)*

Enter AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

Ladies, you can't poſſibly have any thunder and lightning this morning; one of the planks of the Thunder-Trunk ſtarted the other night, and had not

not Jupiter ſtepp'd aſide to drink a pot of porter, he had been knock'd o'the head with his own thunder-bolt.

Lady FUZ.

Well, let us go into the Green Room then, and ſee the actors and actreſſes---Is Clive there?---I ſhould be glad of all things to ſee that woman off the ſtage.

AUTHOR.

She never attends here, but when ſhe is wanted.

Lady FUZ.

Bleſs me! If I was an actreſs, I ſhould never be a moment out of the Play-houſe.

Sir MACARONI.

And if I had my will, I would never be a moment in it.

Lady FUZ.

I wiſh I could have ſeen Clive! I think her a droll creature——nobody has half ſo good an opinion of her as I have. [*Exit* Lady Fuzz.]

Miſs FUZ.

For my part, I had rather have had a little thunder and lightning, than all the tea and chocolate in the world. (*going.*) I wonder I don't ſee him. (*aſide.*) [*Exit* Miſs Fuz.]

Sir MACARONI.

What a ſet of people am I with! what a place I am in, and what an entertainment am I to go through! But I can't go through it——ſo I'll e'en get into my chair again, and eſcape from theſe Hottentots---I wiſh with all my ſoul that Sir Toby, my Lady, and Miſs, the Author and his Piece, the Managers, their Play-houſe and their Performers,

were all at the bottom of the Thames, and that I were faſt aſleep in my bed again. [*Exit.*]

Enter WILSON. *(Peeping.)*

I durſt not diſcover myſelf, though I ſaw her dear eyes looking about for me.—If I could ſee her for a moment now, as the ſtage is clear, and no body to overlook us, who knows but I might kindle up her ſpirit this moment to run away with me—Hah! What noiſe is that?—There ſhe is—Miſs Fanny! Miſs Fanny — here I am — By heavens, ſhe comes——

Enter Miſs FUZ.

Miſs FUZ.

O dear, how I flutter! I can't ſtay long—my Papa and Mama were going to rehearſe Romeo and Juliet, or I could not have ſtole out now.

WILSON.

Let you and I act thoſe parts in earneſt, Miſs, and fly to Lawrence Cell—Love has given us the opportunity, and we ſhall forfeit his protection if we don't make the beſt uſe of it.

Miſs FUZ.

Indeed I can't go away with you now—I will find a better opportunity ſoon—perhaps to-morrow—Let me return to the Green Room; if we are ſeen together, we ſhall be ſeparated for ever.—

WILSON.

To prevent that, let me lead you a private way through the houſe to a poſtchaiſe—we ſhall be out of reach before Sir TOBY and my Lady have gone half through Romeo and Juliet.

Miſs

Miſs FUZ.

Don't inſiſt upon it now—I could not for the world—my fear has taken away all my inclinations.

WILSON.

I muſt run away with you now, Miſs Fuz—Indeed I muſt.

Miſs FUZ.

Have you really a poſt-chaiſe ready?

WILSON.

I have indeed!—A poſtchaiſe and four.

Miſs FUZ.

A poſtchaiſe and four!—bleſs me!

WILSON.

Four of the beſt Bays in London, and my poſtillions are in blue jackets, with ſilver ſhoulder-knots.

Miſs FUZ.

With ſilver ſhoulder-knots!—nay, then there is no reſiſting—and yet——

WILSON.

Nay, quickly, quickly determine, my dear Miſs Fuz.

Miſs FUZ.

I will determine then—I will ſit by my Papa at the Rehearſal, and when he is aſleep, which he will be in ten minutes, and my Mama will be deaf, dumb and blind to every thing, but Mr. GLIB's wit—I'll ſteal out of the box from them, and you ſhall run away with me as faſt as you can, wherever your four Bays and ſilver ſhoulder-knots pleaſe to take me.

WILSON.

Upon my knees I thank you, and thus I take an earneſt of my happineſs. *(Kiſſes her hand.)* Zounds! here's your Mama, Miſs—don't be alarm'd —*Lady! by yonder bleſſed Moon I vow!*

Miſs FUZ.

Oh! ſwear not by the Moon, th' inconſtant Moon!

Lady FUZ. *(approaching.)*

Let us have no ſun and moon and ſtars now---- What are you about, my dear?----Who is this young gentleman you are ſo free with?

Miſs FUZ.

This is the young gentleman Actor, Mama, whoſe Benefit we were at laſt ſummer, and while you were buſy acting in the Green Room, I ſtole out to try how my voice would ſound upon the ſtage, and finding him here, I begg'd him to teach me a little how to play JULIET.

Lady FUZ.

O, very well, my dear—we are oblig'd to the young gentleman, to be ſure;—your Papa will teach you, child, and play ROMEO with you: you ſhou'd not be too free with theſe Actors— *(aſide.)* I am much oblig'd to you, Sir, for the pains you have taken with my daughter---we are very ſenſible of your politeneſs, and you may bring us ſome tickets when your benefit time comes.

WILSON.

I am greatly honour'd by your Ladyſhip, and will go through all the ſcenes of ROMEO and JULIET with Miſs whenever ſhe pleaſes.

Lady

Lady FUZ.

O no, young man----her papa is a very fine actor, and a great critic, and he will have no body teach her these things but himself---Thank the gentleman, Child ---- [*she curtesies*]----Why did not you stay to hear your papa and me? Go, go, my dear, and I'll follow you. [*Exit Miss.*] Upon my word, a likely young man ---- your servant, Sir - -- and very likely to turn a young woman's head; were it not for setting my daughter a bad example, I should like to go over some scenes of Juliet with him myself. [*Exit, looking at him.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Stage.*

Enter AUTHOR, *Sir* TOBY, *Lady and Miss* FUZ, PATENT, *&c.*

AUTHOR.

What, we have loſt Sir Macaroni! no great matter, for he was half aſleep all the time he was here----very little better than a caput mortuum---- Now, Ladies, and Gentlemen, of the jury, take your places----Hiſs and clap, condemn or applaud me as your taſte directs you, and Apollo and the Nine ſend me a good deliverance.

Lady FUZ.

We'll go into the front boxes---What is the matter with you, Fanny?----You had rather be at your inconſtant Moon than hear Mr. Glib's wit.

Miſs FANNY.

I never was happier in all my life, mama. [*ſighs.* What will become of me? [*Aſide.*

Sir TOBY.

I ſhall be very critical, Mr. Author.

Lady FUZ.

Pray are we to have a Prologue, Mr. Glib? We poſitively muſt have a Prologue.

AU-

AUTHOR.

Moſt certainly----entre nous----I have deſir'd the Manager to write me one---- which has ſo flatter'd him, that I ſhall be able to do any thing with him ---- [*Aſide to Lady* Fuz.] I know 'em all from the Patentees, down to the waiting fellows in green coats----

Sir TOBY.

You are very happy in your acquaintance, Sir.

Lady FUZ.

I wiſh ſome of the Stage folks wou'd ſhew me round to the boxes----Who's there?

Enter JOHNSTON.

JOHNSTON.

I'll conduct your Ladyſhip round, if you pleaſe.

Lady FUZ.

Thank you, Mr. Johnſton----Remember my box the firſt night——and don't forget Clive's benefit.

JOHNSTON.

I won't, my Lady.

Lady FUZ.

Come, now for it, Glib----I ſhall have both my ears open, and I hope Sir Toby will do as much by his Eyes-----Come, Fanny, my dear, this way.

[*Exit Lady* Fuz, &c.

Miſs FANNY.

I'll go my own way for the firſt time; now my ſpirits are up again---I have ſlipt my leading ſtrings, and if, dear Mr. Wilſon's bays and poſtilions keep

pace

pace with my fancy, my papa and mama muſt run a little faſter than they do to overtake me.

[*Exit Miſs* Fuz.

Enter PROMPTER.

AUTHOR.

I hope, Mr. Hopkins, that no body has got ſecretly into the houſe; I wou'd have none but friends at the firſt Rehearſal. [*Looking round the houſe.*

PROMPTER.

You ſee the houſe is quite clear, Sir.

AUTHOR.

I wou'd not have the town have the leaſt idea of my performance before hand----I wou'd open a maſk'd battery of entertainment upon the public.

PROMPTER.

You'll ſurpriſe 'em, I believe, Sir!

AUTHOR.

Pray be ſo good as to ring down the curtain, that we may rehearſe in form----So, ſo, ſo----very well; and now I'll ſay a word or two to the [*curtain drops.*] Gentlemen in the Orcheſtra---Gentlemen, [*to the orcheſtra.*] I ſhall take it as a particular favour, if you wou'd be careful of your *pianos* and *fortès*; they are the light and ſhade, and without 'em muſic is all noiſe, and ſinging nothing but bawling.—

MUSICIAN, [*from the Orcheſtra.*]

I don't quite underſtand this movement-----Is it allegro, Sir?

AUTHOR.

Allegro, ſpiritoſo! ------ Flaſh, flaſh, fire! my friends-----you gentlemen *haut-boys*, take particu-

lar

lar care of your little ſolos ----- You *baſſoons*, ſupport 'em, con guſto, not too powerfully, mind a delicacy of feeling in your ſecond movement--- Make yourſelves ready, Gentlemen ---- Shoulder your fiddles----Cock your bows----And the moment I vaniſh, fire away, craſh ----- I leave my fame in your hands----My Lady---Sir Toby, are you got round ?----O very well ; I ſee you----Don't forget a cordial now and then for the poor Author.

[*Speaking to the Audience, and making a ſign of clapping.*

[*During the Burletta,* Glib, *the Author, goes out and comes in ſeveral times upon the Stage, and ſpeaks occaſionally to the performers, as his fancy prompts him, in order to enliven the action, and give a proper comic ſpirit to the performance.*]

OVERTURE

TO THE

BURLETTA OF ORPHEUS.

The Curtain riſes to ſoft Muſick after the Overture, and diſcovers ORPHEUS *aſleep upon a Couch with his Lyre near him ——after the Symphony——*

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

ORPHEUS *(dreaming.)*

I COME—I go—I muſt—I will.
(half awake.)
Bleſs me !—Where am I ?—Here I'm ſtill—
(quite awake.)

Tho' dead, ſhe haunts me ſtill, my wife!
In death my torment, as in life;
By day, by night, whene'er ſhe catches
Poor me aſleep—ſhe thumps and ſcratches;
No more ſhe cries with Harlot's revel,
But fetch me, ORPHEUS, from the Devil.

AIR.

I.

Tho' ſhe ſcolded all day, and all night did the ſame,
Tho' ſhe was too rampant, and I was too tame;
Tho' ſhriller her notes than the ear-piercing fife,
I muſt and I will go to hell for my wife.

II.

As the ſailor can't reſt, if the winds are too ſtill,
As the miller ſleeps beſt by the clack of his mill,
So I was moſt happy in tumult and ſtrife;
I muſt and I will go to hell for my wife.

[*Going out.*]

Enter RHODOPE.

Recit.

Your wife, you Driv'ler!—is it ſo?
But I'll play hell before you go.

ORPHEUS (*aſide.*) *Recit.*

With fear and ſhame my cheeks are ſcarlet;
I've prais'd my Wife, before my Harlot.

RHODOPE. *Recit.*

Go, fetch your wife, thou ſimple man;
What keep us both?—is that your plan?
And dar'ſt thou, ORPHEUS, think of two?
When one's too much by one for you.

OR-

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

My mind is fix'd—in vain this ſtrife;
To hell I go to fetch my wife.—
(Going Rhodope *holds him.)*

AIR.

RHODOPE *(In tears.)*

Is this your affection,
Your vows and protection,
To bring back your Wife to your houſe,
When ſhe knows what I am,
As a wolf the poor lamb,
As a cat ſhe will mumble the mouſe.

ORPHEUS.

Air and Recit.

Pray ceaſe your pathetic,
And I'll be prophetic,
Two ladies at once in my houſe;
Two cats they will be,
And mumble poor me:
The poor married man is the mouſe.

RHODOPE. *Recit.*

Yet hear me, ORPHEUS, can you be,
So vulgar as to part with me,
And fetch your wife?—am I forſaken?
O give me back what you have taken!
In vain I rave, my fate deplore,
A ruin'd maid, is maid no more;
Your Love alone is reparation,
Give me but *that*, and *this* for Reputation.
(Snaps her fingers.)

AIR.

I.

When ORPHEUS you
Were kind and true,
Of joy I had my fill,
Now ORPHEUS roves,
And faithless proves,
Alas! the bitter pill!

II.

As from the bogs,
The wounded frogs,
Call'd out, I call to thee;
O naughty boy,
To you 'tis joy,
Alas! 'tis death to me.

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

In vain are all your sobs, and sighs,
In vain the rhet'rick of your eyes;
To wind and rain my heart is rock;
The more you cry—the more I'm block.

RHODOPE. *Recit.*

Since my best weapon, crying fails,
I'll try my tongue, and then my nails.

AIR.

Mount if you will, and reach the sky,
Quick as light'ning would I fly,
And there would give you battle;
Like the thunder I would rattle.

Seek if you will the ſhades below,
Thither, thither will I go,
Your faithleſs heart appall!
My rage no bounds ſhall know—
Revenge my boſom ſtings,
And jealouſy has wings,
To riſe above 'em all!

[ORPHEUS *ſnatches up the Lyre.*]

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

This is *my* weapon, don't advance,
I'll make you ſleep, or make you dance.

AIR.

One med'cine cures the gout,
Another cures a cold,
This can drive your paſſions out,
Nay even *cure* a Scold.
Have you gout or vapours,
I in ſleep,
Your ſenſes ſteep,
Or make your legs cut capers.

DUETTO. *(accompanied with the Lyre.)*

RHOD. I cannot have my ſwing,
ORPH. Ting, ting, ting.
RHOD. My tongue has loſt its twang,
ORPH. Tang, tang, tang.
RHOD. My eyes begin to twinkle,
ORPH. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.
RHOD. My hands dingle dangle,
ORPH. Tangle, tangle, tangle.
RHOD. My ſpirits ſink,
ORPH. Tink, tink, tink.
RHOD. Alas my tongue,
ORPH. Ting, tang, tong.

RHOD. Now 'tis all o'er,
I can no more,
But-go-to-ſleep—and—ſno-o-re.

[*Sinks by Degrees upon a Couch, and falls aſleep.*]

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

'Tis done, I'm free,
And now for thee,
Euridice!
Behold what's ſeldom ſeen in life,
I leave my miſtreſs for my wife.

Who's there? *(Calls a ſervant, who peeps in)*
Come in—nay never peep;
The danger's o'er—ſhe's faſt aſleep,
Do not too ſoon her fury rouſe,
I go to hell—to fetch my ſpouſe.

AIR. *(Repeated.)*

Tho' ſhe ſcolded all day, and all night did the ſame,
Tho' ſhe was too rampant, and I was too tame;
Tho' ſhriller her notes than the ear-piercing fife,
I muſt and I will go to hell for my wife.

[*Exit ſinging.*

Scene

Scene changes to a mountainous Country, Cows, Sheep, Goats, &c.

After a ſhort Symphony,

Enter ORPHEUS,

Playing upon his Lyre.

AIR.

Thou dear companion of my life,
My friend, my miſtreſs and my wife,
Much dearer than all three;
Should they be faithleſs and deceive me,
Thy Grand Specific can relieve me,
All med'cines are in thee,
Thou *veritable Beaume de Vie!*

RECITATIVE.

Now wake my Lyre, to ſprightlier ſtrains,
Inſpire with joy both beaſts, and ſwains,
Give us no ſoporific potion,
But Notes ſhall ſet the fields in motion.

AIR.

Breathe no ditty,
Soft and pretty,
Charming female tongues to ſleep;
Goats ſhall flaunt it,
Cows currant it,
Shepherds friſk it with their ſheep!

Enter

Enter OLD SHEPHERD *with others.*

Recit.

Stop, ſtop your noiſe you fiddling fool,
We want not here a Dancing School.

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

Shepherd be cool, forbear this vap'ring,
Or this * ſhall ſet you all a cap'ring.
* *His Lyre.*

OLD SHEPHERD. *Recit.*

Touch it again, and I ſhall ſtrait,
Beat time with this † upon your pate.
† *His Crook.*

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

I dare you all, your threats, your blows,
Come one and all we now are foes.

OLD SHEPHERD. *Recit.*

Zounds! what's the matter with my toes?
(Begins to dance.)

OLD SHEPHERD.

AIR.

From top to toe,
Above, below,
The tingling runs about me;
I feel it here,
I feel it there,
Within me, and without me.

ORPHEUS.

Air.

From top to toe,
Above, below,
The Charm ſhall run about you;
Now tingle here,
Now tingle there,
Within you, and without you.

OLD SHEPHERD. *Air.*

O cut thoſe ſtrings,
Thoſe tickling things
Of that ſame curſed Scraper;

Chorus of SHEPHERDS.

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

ORPHEUS.

Air.

They cut the ſtrings,
Thoſe fooliſh things,
They cannot hurt the Scraper!
They're dancing too,
And they like you,
Can only cut a caper.

Chorus of SHEPHERDS.

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

OLD SHEPHERD.

Air.

As I'm alive,
I'm ſixty-five,
And that's no age for dancing;
I'm paſt the game,
O fie, for ſhame,
Old men ſhould not be prancing:
O cut the ſtrings,
Thoſe tickling things,
Of that ſame curſed Scraper;

Chorus of SHEPHERDS.

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

ORPHEUS.

Air.

They cut the ſtrings,
Thoſe fooliſh things,
They cannot hurt the Scraper;
They're dancing too,
And they like you,
Can only cut a caper.

CHORUS.

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

[ORPHEUS *leads out the Shepherds in a grand Chorus of ſinging and dancing, and the Beaſts following them.*]

AU-

AUTHOR.

Here's a ſcene, Lady Fuz!---- If this won't do, what the devil will, tal, lal, lal, lal ----- [*dancing*. Thank you, Gentlemen, [*to the orcheſtra.*] admirably well done, indeed ----- I'll kiſs you all round over as much punch as the double baſs will hold.

Enter PATENT.

There, Mr. Manager, is an end of an Act ----- Every beaſt upon his hind-legs! ---- I did intend that houſes and trees (according to the old ſtory) ſhou'd have join'd in the dance, but it would have crouded the ſtage too much.

PATENT.

Full enough as it is, Mr. Glib.

Lady FUZ *without.*

---Let me come,---let me come, I ſay!

AUTHOR.

D'ye hear, d'ye hear! her ladyſhip's in raptures I find;---I knew I ſhou'd touch her.

Enter Lady FUZ.

Lady FUZ.

Theſe are fine doings, fine doings, Mr. Glib.---

AUTHOR.

And a fine effect they will have, my lady; particularly the dancing off of the Beaſts.---

Lady FUZ.

Yes, yes, they have danc'd off, but they ſhall dance back again, take my word for it.

[*walks about.*

AUTHOR.

My dear lady, and ſo they ſhall---don't be uneaſy---they ſhall dance back again directly----here Prompter----I intended to have the Scene over again----I cou'd ſee it forever.

Lady FUZ.

Was this your plot, Mr. Glib? Or your contrivance, Mr. Manager?

PATENT.

Madam!

AUTHOR.

No, upon my ſoul, 'tis all my own contrivance, not a thought ſtole from Ancient, or Modern; all my own plot.

Lady FUZ.

Call my ſervants---I'll have a Poſt-chaiſe directly---I ſee your guilt by your vain endeavours to hide it---this is the moſt bare-fac'd impudence!

AUTHOR.

Impudence!----may I die if I know an indecent expreſſion in the whole piece!

PATENT.

Your paſſion, madam, runs away with you---I don't underſtand you.

Lady FUZ.

No Sir,---'tis one of your Stage-players has run away with my daughter;----and I'll be reveng'd on you all;----I'll ſhut up your houſe.

PATENT.

This muſt be enquir'd into. [*Exit* Patent.

AUTHOR.

What, did Miſs Fuz run away without ſeeing Orpheus?

Lady FUZ.

Don't ſay a word more, thou blockhead.

AUTHOR.

I am dumb---but no blockhead.

Enter Sir TOBY, *in Confuſion.*

Sir TOBY.

What is all this;---what is it all about!

Lady FUZ.

Why, it is all your fault, Sir Toby---had not you been aſleep, ſhe cou'd never have been ſtolen from your ſide.

Sir TOBY.

How do you know ſhe is ſtolen? Enquire firſt, my Lady, and be in a paſſion afterwards.

Lady FUZ.

I know ſhe's gone; I ſaw her with a young fellow---he was upon his knees, ſwearing by the moon---let us have a Poſt-chaiſe, Sir Toby, directly, and follow 'em.

Sir TOBY.

Let us dine firſt, my dear, and I'll go wherever you pleaſe.

Lady FUZ.

Dine, dine! Did you ever hear the like? you have no more feeling, Sir Toby, than your Periwig.---I ſhall go diſtracted---the greateſt curſe of a poor woman, is to have a flighty daughter, and a ſleepy huſband.---- [*Exit* Lady Fuz.

Sir TOBY.

And the greateſt curſe of a poor man, to have every body ſlighty in his family but himſelf.

[*Exit.*

Enter PATENT.

PATENT.

'Tis true, Mr. Glib,--the young Lady is gone off, but with nobody that belongs to us---'tis a dreadful affair!

AUTHOR.

So it is faith, to ſpoil my Rehearſal---I think it was very ungenteel of her to chuſe this morning for her pranks; tho' ſhe might make free with her father and mother, ſhe ſhou'd have more manners than to treat me ſo;--I'll tell her as much when I ſee her.---The ſecond Act ſhall be ready for you next week.---I depend upon *you* for a prologue---your genius.--

PATENT.

You are too polite, Mr. Glib---have you an Epilogue?

AUTHOR.

I have a kind of Addreſs here, by way of Epilogue, to the town---I ſuppoſe it to be ſpoken by myſelf, as the Author--who have you can repreſent me?---no eaſy taſk, let me tell you,---he muſt be a little ſmart, degagee, and not want aſſurance.

PATENT.

Smart, degagee, and not want aſſurance---*King* is the very man.

AU-

AUTHOR.

Thank, thank you, dear Mr. Patent,---the very man---is he in the houſe! I wou'd read it to him.

PATENT.

O no!---ſince the audience receiv'd him in Linco, he is practiſing muſick, whenever he is not wanted here.

AUTHOR.

I have heard as much; and that he continually ſets his family's teeth on edge, with ſcraping upon the fiddle.------Conceit, conceit, Mr. Patent, is the ruin of 'em all.---I could wiſh, when he ſpeaks this Addreſs, that he wou'd be more eaſy in his carriage, and not have that damn'd jerk in his bow, that he generally treats us with.

PATENT.

I'll hint as much to him.

AUTHOR.

This is my conception of the matter;-----Bow your body gently, turn your head ſemicircularly, on one ſide and the other; and ſmiling, thus agreeably begin;

All Fable is figure---I your bard will maintain it,
And leaſt you don't know it, 'tis fit I explain it:
The *Lyre* of our *Orpheus*, means your approbation;
Which frees the poor Poet from care and vexation:
Shou'd want make his miſtreſs too keen to diſpute,
Your ſmiles fill his pockets---and Madam is mute:
Shou'd his wife, that's himſelf, for they two, are but one;
Be in hell, that's in debt, and the money all gone;

Your

Your favour brings comfort, at once cures the evil,
For 'ſcaping Bum Bailiffs, is 'ſcaping the devil.
Nay, *Cerberus Criticks* their fury will drop,
For ſuch barking monſters, your ſmiles are a ſop:
But how to explain what you moſt will require,
That *Cows*, *Sheep*, and *Calves*, ſhou'd dance after the lyre,
Without your kind favour, how ſcanty each meal!
But with it comes dancing *Beef*, *Mutton*, and *Veal*.
For ſing it, or ſay it, this truth we all ſee,
Your applauſe will be ever *the true Beaume de Vie*.

FINIS.